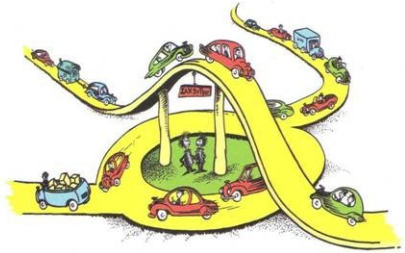
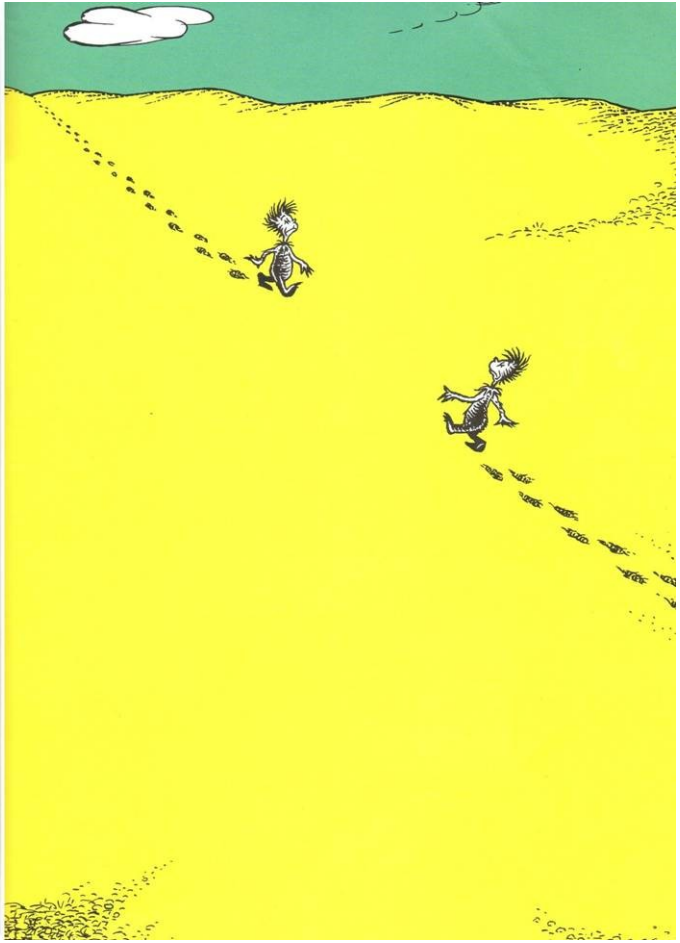
# The Zax

*by Dr. Seuss*

One day, making tracks
In the prairie of Prax,
Came a North-Going Zax
And a South-Going Zax.

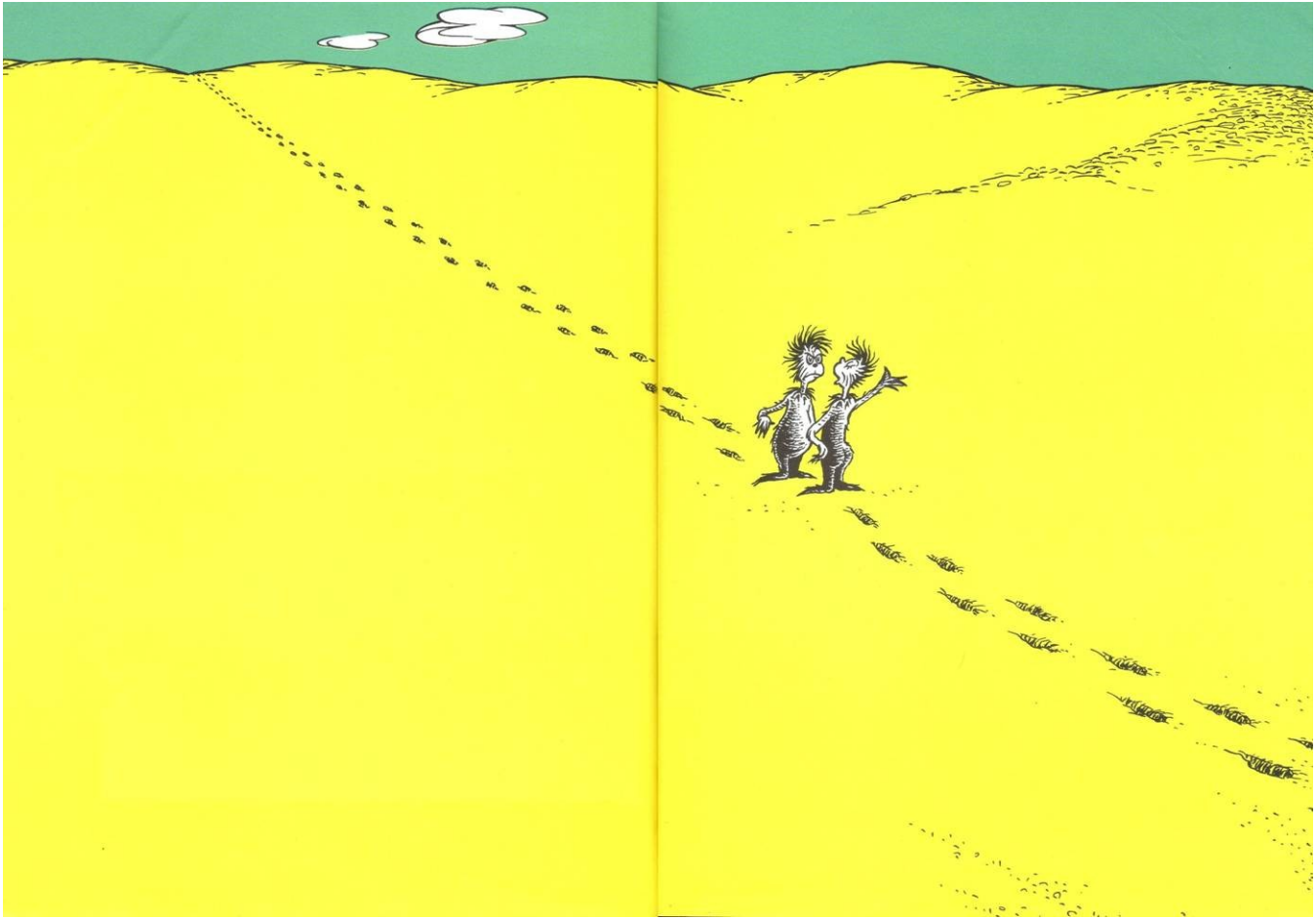
# THE ZAX





And it happened that both of them came to a place
Where they bumped.
There they stood.
Foot to foot.  Face to face.

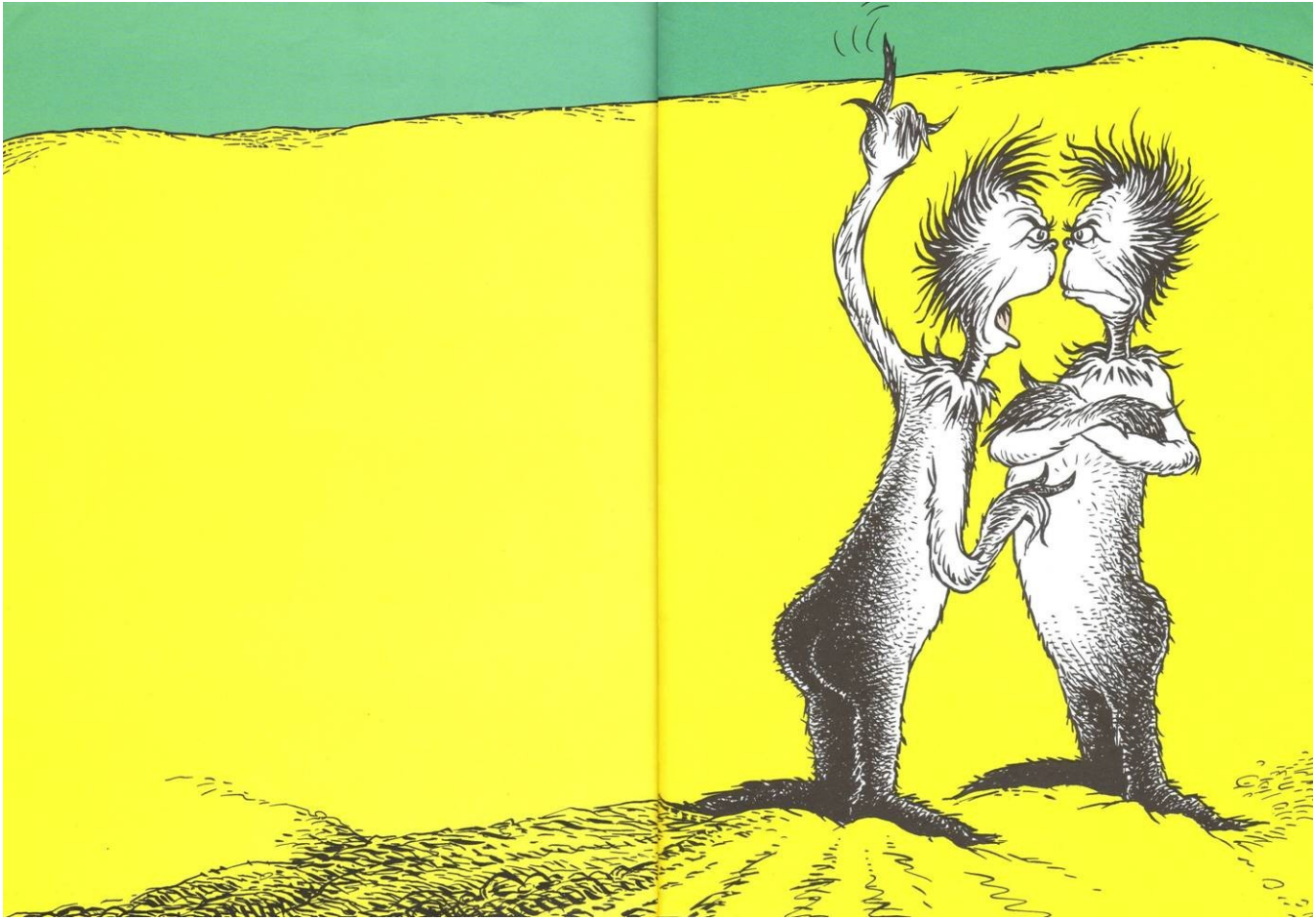
"Look here, now!" the North-Going Zax said.  "I say!
You are blocking my path.  You are right in my way.
I'm a North-Going Zax and I always go north.
Get out of my way now, and let me go forth!"



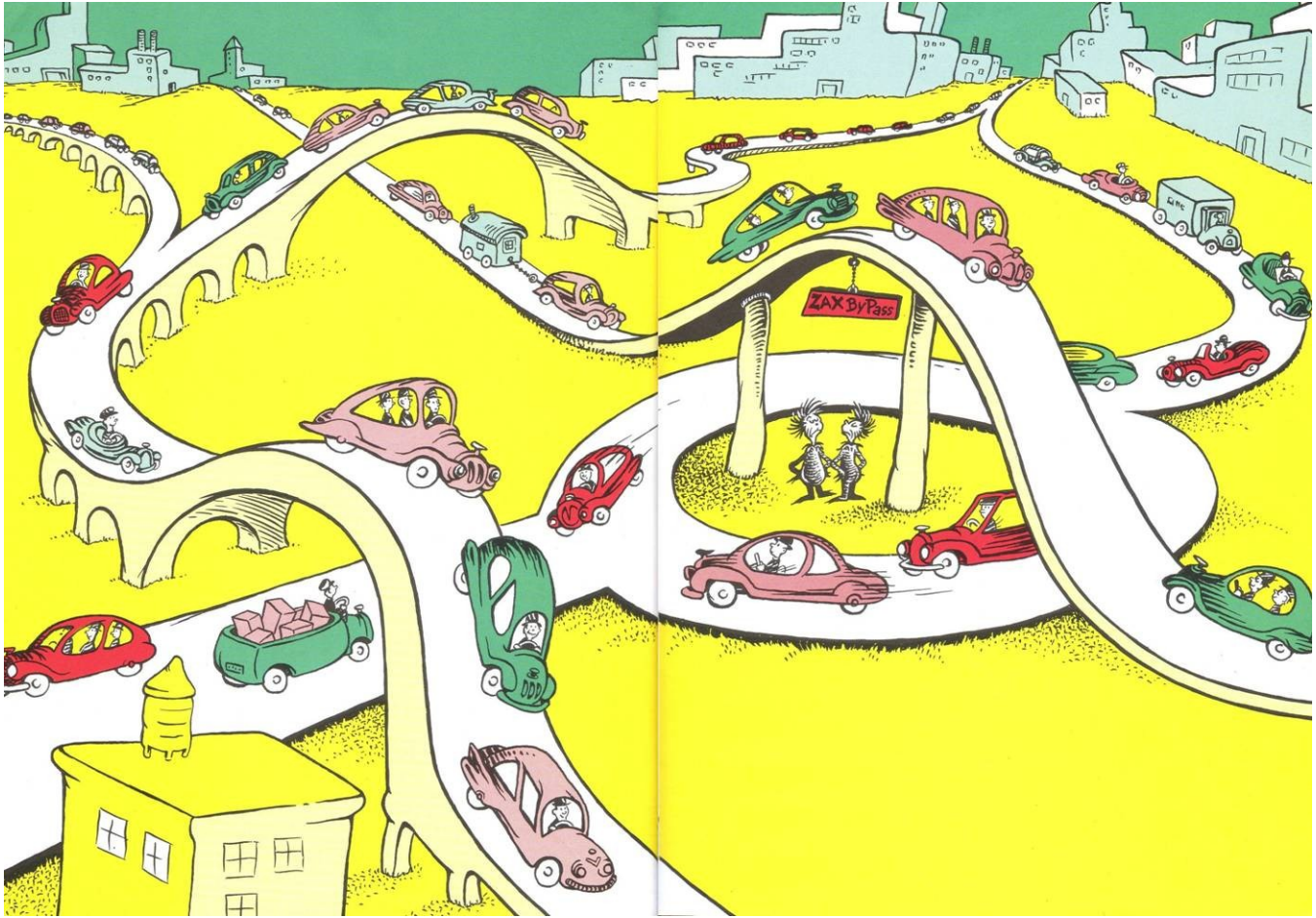
"Who's in whose way?" snapped the South-Going Zax.
"I always go south, making south-going tracks.
So you're in MY way!  And I ask you to move
And let me go south in my south-going groove."

Then the North-Going Zax puffed his chest up with pride.
"I never," he said, "take a step to one side.
And I'll prove to you that I won't change my ways
If I have to keep standing here fifty-nine days!"

"And I'll prove to YOU," yelled the South-Going Zax,
"That I can stand here in the prairie of Prax
For fifty-nine *years*! For I live by a rule
That I learned as a boy back in the South-Going School.
Never budge! That's my rule. *Never budge in the least!*
*Not an inch to the west! Not an inch to the east!*
I'll stay here, not budging! I can and I will
If it makes you and me and the whole world stand still!"



Well…..
Of course the world *didn't* stand still. The world grew.
In a couple of years, the new highway came through
And they built it right over those two stubborn Zax
And left them there, standing un-budged in their tracks.


ZAX ByPass